

YOUNG RECRUITS FOR NAVY.

How Uncle Sam Teaches His Boys to Become Sailors.

Uncle Sam is building up a navy which is to be the fleet in the world. He is turning out sailors to man it which are the finest in the world.

For the making of these sailors he has two great factories, one in Newport and one in San Francisco. To make these wonderful sailors of his your Uncle Sam takes boys when they are young and sends them to one of these two big factories, which are called training stations.

Almost every boy thinks he would like to be a sailor, and Uncle Sam gives such boys an opportunity, free of expense to them or their parents, to go to one of these training stations and try it.

If the boy has it in him to become a first-class man-of-war-man he gets an education and a career.

All that he has to do is to learn his profession thoroughly and believe himself, and Uncle Sam takes care of him for the rest of his life. Never in all his days will he have to worry about where his rent, his food or his clothes are coming from; he can save money, he can visit strange lands and sail strange seas and see all the wonders of the world at Government expense.

Every boy has not got the making of a good sailor in him, and a number of those who go to the training stations at Newport and San Francisco are discharged for "inaptitude"—a word which covers a multitude of sins. The only way a boy can tell whether he is out for a man-of-war-man is to try it.

There are many good sailors in the world. Including the natives of the various nations, the merchant fleets and the fishing vessels, it is estimated that 1,700,000 of the world's population are afloat constantly. But no other sailors have quite the same careful preparation of their life's work as those who graduated from Uncle Sam's public nautical schools.

Any boy who sings to himself—
"A life for me is a life at sea—
On board of a man-of-war."

—has only to go to the nearest navy yard or the nearest naval recruiting station—and there are recruiting stations in nearly every city of any size—and state his case to the officer in charge. Or he can write to the superintendent of one of the training stations for information and then go to the station itself and enter the school, instead of being forwarded from the recruiting station.

The boy must be physically sound, be able to read and write, have the written consent of his parents or guardians, and be between 15 and 17 years of age.

When a boy arrives at the training station he is sent to a particular building where other newcomers are housed and with them he enters upon a new world. He sees the marine sentries with their trim uniforms and shining bayonets; the great buildings of the school; here and there great anchors and coils of chain; trophies of cannon, captured in some historic sea fight; squads of boys drilling in uniforms of blue or white, or the school battalion parade.

He hears the sound of a band playing military music and now, and then the notes of a bugle call. Old Glory floats from the fifty mast in front of the headquarters and from the station ship moored near by, and all the grounds and buildings have a trim, clean appearance that seems to shout "Order" and "Cleanliness!" at him.

He soon learns the meaning of the phrases "Order is Heaven's first law" and "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." The lesson may not be taught in just these words, but it is taught just the same—good and hard. In fact, all through his apprentice career these two things are drilled into him morning, noon and night and between meals—Order and Cleanliness.

Arriving at the quarters, the newcomers find thirty, forty, perhaps fifty other boys, some of whom, like himself, have just arrived and are in citizens' clothes, and others who have been there a week or so in working suits of white, most of them, like himself, are rather dazed by their new and novel surroundings, so different from anything they have known.

He soon makes acquaintances with them in comparing notes with them when a petty officer appears and calls out his name along with those of several other boys who have not been sworn in. He is marched to the headquarters, where the doctor takes a look at him to see if he has any physical defect that has been overlooked, and then to the commandant's office, where he takes an oath to serve the United States and defend it from all its enemies.

Then he is marched off to another place, where all sorts of equipments for boys in his situation are kept. There he gets a white canvas working suit, an outfit of underwear, a white sailor hat, comb, brush, whisk broom and various other things, along with a big canvas bag in which to keep them.

By the time he gets back to the building where he was first sent and which is to be his home for a few weeks until he gets broken in a bit, it is probably dinner time, and, in spite of the strangeness of everything and a slight feeling of homesickness perhaps, he feels hungry.

A boy has to be pretty homesick when he can't eat, and the bracing salt breath of the sea blown from the shining waters which wash the shores of the training station, is a wonderful provoker of appetite.

He hears a bugle blowing a cheerful tune and sees the older boys smile gleefully.

He never forgets that dinner call. It is the first one of the many bugle calls he learns to recognize and the one to which he responds always with commendable promptness. He is marched, with his companions, to the great building which makes the most prominent and imposing appearance of all those on the grounds, the great barracks where the apprentices live.

He passes through long corridors and catches a glimpse of a great drill hall with a gallery around it. There is an indescribably clean, small about the building and it looks as if it were forever scrubbed and scoured—as it is.

Arriving at the mess hall he finds a lot of boys there—hundreds and hundreds of them; he never saw such a lot of boys gathered in one room before; if the school is full there may be a thousand of them.

They are in uniform and sit at long tables, and on the tables are things to eat, which fact is of interest also, but he cannot keep his eyes from the boys—big ones and little ones, Uncle Sam's apprentices, soon to be transformed into the "men behind the guns"—the pride of the nation.

Whatever day of the week it happens to be when the newcomer takes his first meal at the training station he will find on the table plenty of good food. If it happens to be Monday he will find that his dinner consists of roast beef, potatoes, stewed corn (or if it is in season, perhaps corn on the cob), bread, milk, coffee and ginger snaps. An awful lot of ginger snaps are consumed at the training stations—the boys seem to like them.

All the boys finish eating at the same time, which seems singular to the newcomer first, but he soon becomes accustomed to it and learns to regard it as a part of the clock-like regularity with which everything moves in this well-ordered world which he has entered.

After the dinner the boy is marched back to the building where he came and there he is allowed to loaf about for half an hour, to stroll within a limited area outside of the building, and to get new impressions of the thousands of new things which engage his attention.

Summoned back into the building petty officers appear, who go about instructing the newcomers in a business like way as to the proper manner of folding their clothing, how to stow them in their clothes bags, how to swing a hammock and how to get into it and stay there without tumbling out at the further side.

He is taught how to lay his "kit" out for inspection, how to "fall in" and "fall out," how to stand in ranks, and how to march.

He is told such a lot of things that he is in despair of ever remembering one-half of them and what with the strangeness of it all and a feeling of loneliness in spite of the many folk around him, by the time the bugle sounds for supper he is pretty well tired out and perhaps a little discouraged.

However, supper cheers him up a bit. The meal is served in the same big mess hall where he ate dinner, and on the day chosen for illustration, Monday, it will consist of cold roast beef, tomato catsup, bread and butter and tea.

After supper the new boy is pretty much his own master until bed time, and when the bugles sound the sweet music of taps he sinks to sleep to dream fantastic dreams, in which the home he has left and the home he has come to are all mixed up in confused jumble.

The first day in the making of one of Uncle Sam's sailors closes upon a tired and bewildered boy, whose mind is full of it all is that nothing is quite as he thought it was going to be.

A Lazy Man's Defence of His Kind.

A man is set to digging a well. If he be an industrious man, one of the kind that loves work for work's sake, he will dig patiently and joyfully along until his task is completed. But if he be a lazy man, he will resent the dreary arduousness of his task and look about for some way to make it easier. Such a man undoubtedly rigged up the first windlass.

When you come to look into the matter you cannot fail to realize that nearly all the progress the human race has made since the day of Adam was driven from the garden of Eden and forced to go to work, has been due not to the efforts of the man who loves to work, but to the efforts of the man who is averse to work and is trying to get out of it.

I'll bet the idea of a threshing machine first came to a lazy man who had to thresh out wheat with a flail, and I'll bet that the idea of a mowing machine first came to a lazy man who had got curvature of the spine mowing with a scythe.

The world owes a lot to the lazy man. The man who loves to work just works right straight along, but the man to whom work is distasteful, will, when compelled to work, rack his brain for some way to lighten his labors.

In fact, the entire progress of the world is almost directly due to the efforts of the lazy man to get out of work. I had no idea I could figure out so good a case for us fellows, but it is all right, sound and logical, and the more you think it over the more you'll be convinced that I'm right.

The lazy man has never had the standing in the community which he should have. We are looked down upon and sneered at, and every fool writer and speaker has something abusive to say of us. And it isn't right.

If a man likes to work I never interfere with him. Bless his heart! Let him work. I don't write articles and make speeches giving him fits about it. And I can prove—in fact, have just proven—that the men of my class have done more for the human race than have the men of his class.

How did Watt discover the power of steam? Did he do it while he was chasing round doing a lot of work? No. He was sitting by the kitchen fire. All there is comfort for you. Sitting by the kitchen fire! And when he saw the steam from the tea-kettle lift the heavy lid, it occurred to him that if he could do that it could lift a good many things.

And so it has; but can't you see that if he had been one of those terribly industrious fellows he would never have been sitting idly by the kitchen fire?

And how did Newton discover the law of gravitation? Was he cutting wood, or digging ditch, or hauling gravel? No, he was lying on his back under an apple tree.

Did you ever lie on your back under an apple tree along of a summer afternoon, and watch the great white clouds, away off yonder in the sky, as they changed their shape from an elephant to a lion, and then to a great snowy chariot, drawn by tremendous horses, driven by a woman in long, flowing robes? And did you ever try to imagine how it would be to sit on one of those great clouds and look down upon the earth and out into space? Of course you have, and that is what Newton was doing when an apple—a comical, humorous, fun-loving apple—seeing an opportunity to play a practical joke, loosed its hold upon a twig and dropped, hitting Newton on the end of his idle, inquisitive nose. And if an apple can laugh at all, I'll bet that apple laughed heartily as it rolled away and hid itself in the grass.

Then, no doubt, Newton forgot all about the clouds very suddenly, and sat up and rubbed his nose. Then realizing what had happened, he lay down again on his back and looked up into the sky. And being an idle, inquisitive fellow, with a deal of imagination, he wondered why that apple, being loosened from the twig, did not, instead of falling straight down, fly off at a tangent and keep going and going and going, until it landed in the bosom of one of the great clouds? Or why it didn't go straight up and up and up until—? Well, there was no telling where it would come to finally. Heaven, maybe. And from that he went on until he had the law of gravitation all figured out.

Now, if he had been one of those people who dearly love to work, he'd have been chasing around in the sun performing a lot of labor, and the apple, had it fallen at all, would have fallen unheeded, and the human race would today, no doubt, be butting its way through the ages without knowing anything about the law of gravitation.

Newton and Watt might not be complimented by what the lazy man's advocate says of them, and still there may be some truth in it. Anyhow, we won't dispute further with the lazy man, for there are times when all of us have a fellow-feeling for him, however much we may disagree it.

—A coastwise steamer is one that keeps off the coast.

Stack to His Bargain.

At the "Old Cummins Jackson Mills," on the West Fork river, in what is now West Virginia, was living, sixty-seven years ago, a healthy boy, who had very definite ideas of honor and a strong sense of right. Little Tom Jackson, like a good many other boys, was fond of fishing, and equally as fond of selling his fish whenever he could find customers.

In the village of Weston, three miles above the mills, Conrad Kerster kept a small store and market. He had agreed with the boy to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot or more in length that he caught in the mill pond.

The boy was only ten years old, but he made the contract in good faith; and, as the sequel showed, he knew how to keep it.

As time went on a good many twelve inch pike were delivered at the market, with mutual satisfaction to both parties in the trade. One day the boy was seen tugging through the village with an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground. It was two inches over a yard long. Colonel Talbot, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him and complimented him on his success.

"A noble fish, Tom. Where are you going with it? I want to buy it." "It's sold to Mr. Kerster," said the boy, without stopping.

"That can't be. He hasn't seen it. Say, I'll give you a dollar for it." "I tell you it's sold. 'Tisn't mine."

"What's Kerster going to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents," shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

The colonel called after him, "I'll give a dollar and a quarter."

Tom turned a moment, with an indignant look, and replied: "If you get any of this pike, you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster," and on he went, bending under his load, until he reached the store.

Mr. Kerster was astonished. "Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish," he said. "I shall have to give you a dollar."

"No, sir; it's yours at fifty cents," insisted Tom. "I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that were pretty short." And fifty cents was the price paid for the big pike.

This story Mr. Kerster himself, in his old age, gave to his nephew, Judge McWhorton, who gave it to the Chicago Standard.

The fine conscience and keen sense of honor that ruled the boy fixed the habit of a lifetime. The name by which he became known to the world was "Stonewall" Jackson.—Presbyterian.

Engineer Earns Big Wages.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 12.—Engineer Wayboy, who was in charge of the engine that drew the Lowe special into Los Angeles yesterday, received \$450 for the skill he displayed. When Warboy took the train at San Bernardino, Mr. Lowe, in his anxiety to complete his wonderful journey, offered \$50 for every minute gained by the engineer over the schedule. The run from San Bernardino to Los Angeles is sixty miles, and Warboy covered the distance in sixty-two minutes—nine minutes ahead of the schedule. A great part of the run was at the rate of a mile for every fifty seconds.

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of Nature's establishment at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.

A large saving makes a wide circle of attention possible.

Are Losing Money By Obeying The Law.

Obedience to law is causing financial worry to a manufacturing establishment which has had large patronage in this State. The obedience to law on their own part is not the trouble, but they are vexed by the fact that others who have not the same regard for the law are enabled to undersell. The attention of the attorney general has been called to the way in which the law is disregarded.

Last February the legislature passed an act to fix the weight of corn meal and to regulate the traffic in that commodity. It was declared that there had been no uniformity in the measurements and while some merchants were selling 48 pounds for a bushel, others were using 46 pounds as the standard of measurement.

The act of Feb. 23, 1903, declares that the standard weight of a bushel of corn meal—whether bolted or unbolted—shall be 48 pounds. Any persons guilty of violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not more than \$100 or by fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court, the imprisonment not to exceed 30 days.

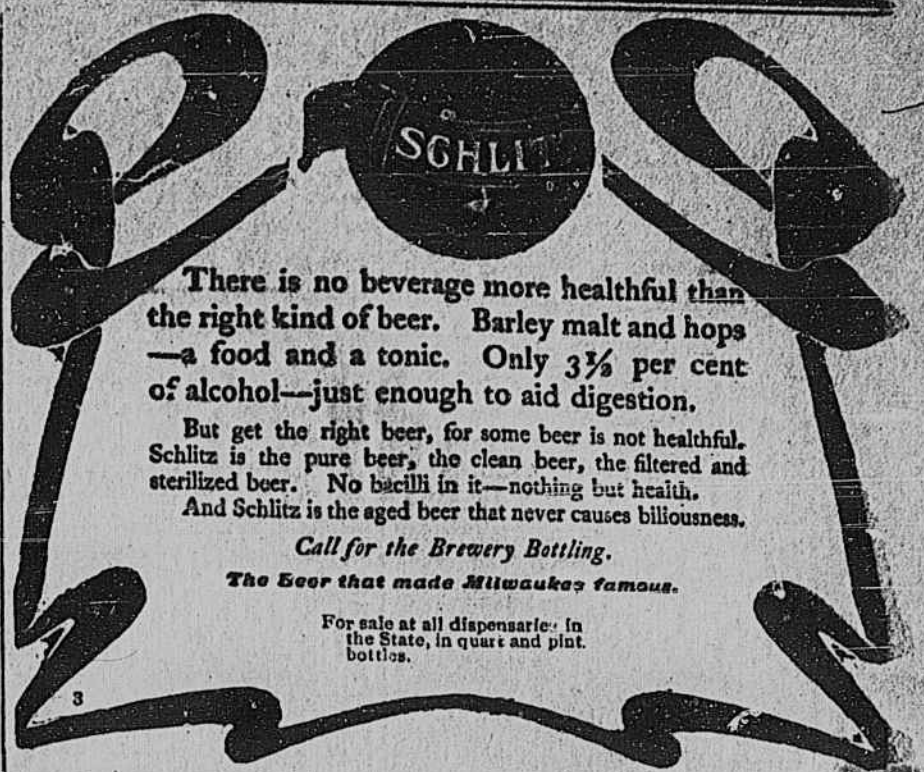
The law is made to apply to the aliquot parts of a bushel as will be observed from the following extract from section 2 of the new act: "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to pack for sale, sell or offer for sale in this State any corn meal except in bags or packages containing by standard weight two bushels, or one bushel, or one-half bushel, or one-fourth bushel, or one-eighth bushel respectively. Each bag or package of corn meal shall have plainly printed or marked thereon whether the meal is bolted or unbolted, the amount it contains in bushels or fraction of a bushel and the weight provided, the provision of this section shall not apply to the retailing of meal direct to consumers from bulk stock when priced and delivered by actual weight or measure."

The law went into effect on the first day of April. Prior to that time a milling company of Wilmington, N. C., sent to all its customers in South Carolina a copy of the new law of this State and advised them that it would observe the law strictly. This concern writes the attorney general that it changed their quotations on meal and offered to South Carolina merchants prices on meal at 96 pounds per package.

For a while this milling company had no trouble disposing of its product at 96 pounds to the package. "But lately we are having considerable trouble and are losing for the reason that the wholesale merchants of Wilmington deal exclusively in the 92 pound meal and have been continuously shipping it into your State. The value of 92 pound meal is about 5 1/2 cents less than that of 96 pound meal. This enables the merchants who handle the 92 pound meal to undersell those who try to comply with the law."

The Wilmington correspondents urge that if something is not done and unless steps be taken to enforce the law, the situation will get worse. "The intention of the law was to compel everybody to sell uniform weights in the State, and the failure to enforce the law makes the matter much worse than before the act was passed. It gives the dealer who violates the law an undue advantage of those who are trying to comply with the law, and we think the law ought to be enforced or to be repealed."—The State.

Stops Cough and Works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents. The performance of the amateur musician is often a music rack.



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But get the right beer, for some beer is not healthful. Schlitz is the pure beer, the clean beer, the filtered and sterilized beer. No bacilli in it—nothing but health.

And Schlitz is the aged beer that never causes biliousness.

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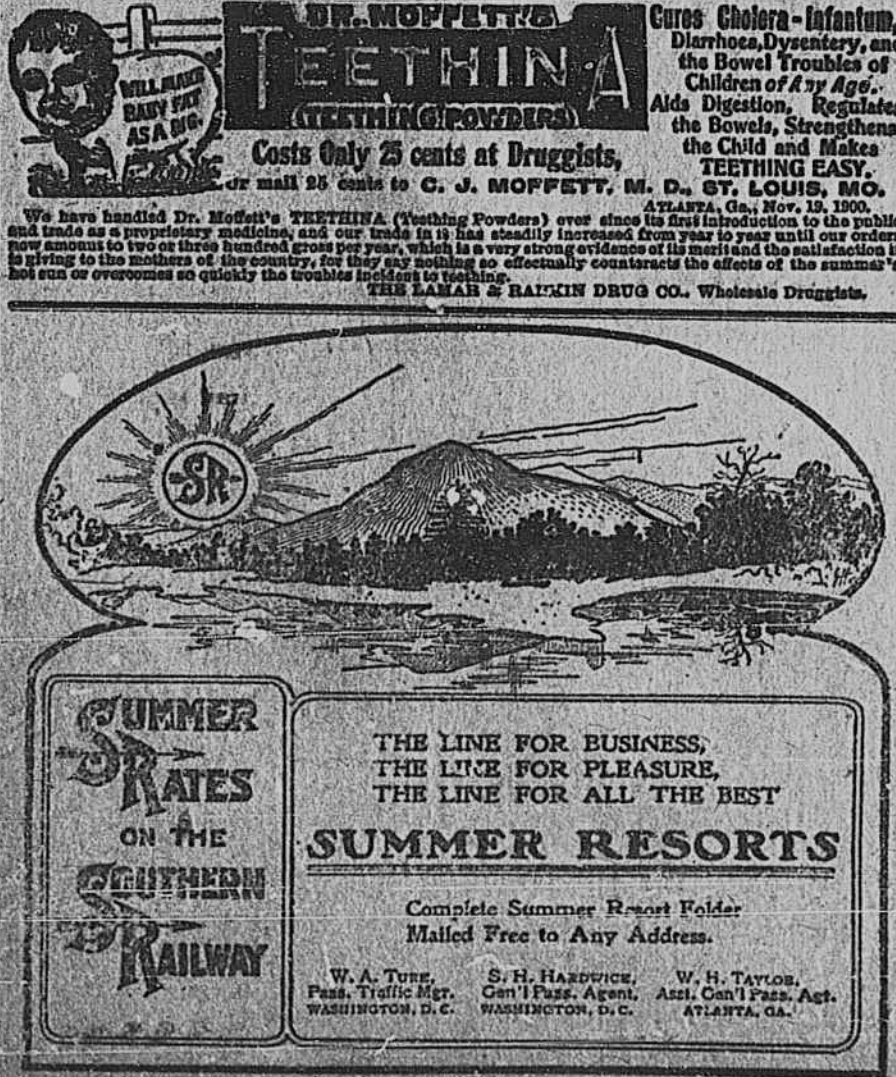
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